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A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
M O R A L
TALES AND ESSAYS

drawn up from the Works of the
most eminent English Writers.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



MENTZ and FRANKFORT,
Printed for J. F. SCHILLER,
and Sold by VARRENTRAPP and WENNER.
M DCC LXXXVII.

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VOLUME THE SECOND.

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„Madam,
„Not having the gift of speech, I have a
„long time waited in vain for an opportuni-
„ty of making myself known to you; and
„having at present the conveniencies of
„pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take
„the occasion of giving you my history in
„writing, which I could not do by word
„of mouth. You must know, Madam, that
„about a thousand years ago I was an In-
„dian Brachman, and versed in all those
„mysterious secrets which your European
„philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said
„to have learned from our fraternity. I had
„so ingratiated myself by my great skill
„in the occult sciences with a dæmon whom
„I used to converse with, that he promised
„to grant me whatever I should ask of him.
„I desired that my soul might never pass
„into the body of a brute creature; but
„this he told me was not in his power to
„grant me. I then begged, that into
„whatever creature I should chance to
„transmigrate, I should still retain my me-
„mory, and be conscious that I was the sa-
„me person who lived in different animals.
„This he told me was within his power,
„and

„and accordingly promised on the word of
„a dæmon that he would grant me what I
„desired. From that time forth I lived so
„very unblameably that I was made pre-
„fident of a college of Brachmans, an of-
„fice which I discharged with great integ-
„rity untill the day of my death.

„I was then shuffled into another hu-
„man body, and acted my part so very well
„in it, that I became first minister to a
„prince who reigned upon the banks of
„the Ganges. I here lived in great honour
„for several years, but by degrees lost all
„the innocence of the Brachman, being
„obliged to rifle and oppress the people to
„enrich my sovereign; till at length I be-
„came so odious, that my master, to reco-
„ver his credit with his subjects, shot me
„me through the heart with an arrow, as
„I was one day addressing myself to him
„at the head of his army.

„Upon my next remove I found my-
„self in the woods under the shape of a
„jackcall, and soon lifted myself in the ser-
„vice of a lion. I used to yelp near his
„den

„den about midnight, which was his time
„of rousing and seeking after his prey. He
„always followed me in the rear, and when
„I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat
„or an hare, after he had feasted very
„plentifully upon it himself, would now
„and then throw me a bone that was
„but half-picked for my encouragement;
„but upon my being unsuccessful in two
„or three chases, he gave me such a
„confounded gripe in his anger, that I
„died of it.

„In my next transmigration I was
„again set upon two legs, and became an
„Indian tax-gatherer; but having been
„guilty of great extravagancies, and being
„married to an expensive jade of a wife,
„I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst
„not shew my head. I could no sooner
„step out of my house, but I was arrested
„by some body or other that lay in wait
„for me. As I ventured abroad one night
„in the dusk of the evening, I was taken
„up and hurried into a dungeon, where
„I died a few months after.

„My

„My soul then entered into a flying
„fish, and in that state led a most melan-
„choly life for the space of six years. Se-
„veral fishes of prey pursued me when I
„was in the water, and if I betook myself
„to my wings, it was ten to one but I had
„a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was
„one day flying amidst a fleet of English
„ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting
„his bill and hovering just over my head.
„Upon my dipping into the water to avoid
„him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous
„shark that swallowed me down in an in-
„stant.

„I was some years afterwards, to my
„great surprise, an eminent banker in Lom-
„bard-street; and remembering how I had
„formerly suffered for want of money,
„became so very sordid and avaricious, that
„the whole town cried shame of me. I
„was a miserable little old fellow to look
„upon, for I had in a manner starved my-
„self, and was nothing but skin and bone
„when I died.

„I was afterwards very much troubled
„and amazed to find myself dwindled into

„an emmet: I was heartily concerned to
„make so insignificant a figure, and did not
„know but some time or other I might be
„reduced to a mite if I did not mend my
„manners. I therefore applied myself with
„great diligence to the offices that were
„allotted me, and was generally looked
„upon as the notablest ant in the whole
„mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as
„I was groaning under a burthen, by an
„unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the
„neighbourhood, and had before made
„great depredations upon our common-
„wealth.

„I then bettered my condition a little,
„and lived a whole summer in the shape
„of a bee; but being tired with the pain-
„ful and penurious life I had undergone
„in my two last transmigrations, I fell into
„the other extreme, and turned drone.
„As I one day headed a party to plunder
„an hive, we were received so warmly
„by the swarm which defended it, that we
„were most of us left dead upon the spot.

„I might tell you of many other trans-
„migrations which I went through: how I
„was

„ was a town-rake, and afterwards did
„ penance in a bay gelding for ten years;
„ as also how I was a taylor, a shrimp, and
„ a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes
„ I was shot in the Christmas holidays by
„ a young Jackanapes, who would needs
„ try his new gun upon me.

„ But I shall pass over these and several
„ other stages of life, to remind you of the
„ young beau who made love to you about
„ six years since. You may remember,
„ madam, how he masked, and danced, and
„ sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain
„ you; and how he was at last carried off
„ by a cold that he got under your window
„ one night in a serenade. I was that un-
„ fortunate young fellow, whom you were
„ then so cruel to. Not long after my shif-
„ ting that unlucky body, I found myself
„ upon a hill in Aethiopia, where I lived
„ in my present grotesque shape, until I
„ was caught by a servant of the English
„ factory, and sent over into Great Britain:
„ I need not inform you how I came into
„ your hands. You see, madam, this is not
„ the first time that you have had me in a

„chain: I am, however, very happy in
„this my captivity, as you often bestow
„on me those kisses and careffes which I
„would have given the world for, when
„I was a man. I hope this discovery of
„my person will not tend to my disadvan-
„tage, but that you will still continue your
„accustomed favours to

„Your most devoted humble
servant,

„Pugg.

P. S. „I would advise your little shock-
„dog to keep out of my way; for as I look
„upon him to be the most formidable of
„my rivals, I may chance one time or
„other to give him such a snap as he will
„not like.

No. 76. On the immense Variety of
Creatures.

Though there is a great deal of pleasure
in contemplating the material world, by
which I mean that system of bodies into
which nature has so curiously wrought the
mass

mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too

little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes and rivers teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the Plurality of Worlds draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and uselefs, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to

to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation, which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other

sense besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy
ex-

extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life: nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has, therefore, specified in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness or wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems

very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may by a parity of reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being, and the Power which produced him.

„That there should be more species
„of intelligent creatures above us, than
„there are of sensible and material below
„us,

„us, is probable to me from hence; That
„in all the visible corporeal world, we see
„no chasms, or no gaps. All quite down
„from us, the descent is by easy steps,
„and a continued series of things, that in
„each remove differ very little one from
„the other. There are fishes that have
„wings, and are not strangers to the airy
„region: and there are some birds, that
„are inhabitants of the water; whose blood
„is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in
„taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them
„on fish days. There are animals so near
„of kin both to birds and beasts, that they
„are in the middle between both: amphi-
„bious animals link the terrestrial and aqua-
„tic together: seals live at land and at sea,
„and porpoises have the warm blood and
„entrails of a hog; not to mention what is
„confidently reported of mermaids or sea-
„men. There are some brutes, that seem
„to have as much knowledge and reason,
„as some that are called men; and the ani-
„mal and vegetable kingdoms are so near-
„ly joined, that if you will take the lowest
„of one, and the highest of the other, there
„will scarce be perceived any great diffe-
„rence

„ rence between them: and so on until we
„ come to the lowest and the most inorgani-
„ cal parts of matter, we shall find every
„ where that the several species are linked
„ together, and differ but in almost insen-
„ sible degrees. And when we consider
„ the infinite power and wisdom of the
„ Maker, we have reason to think that it
„ is suitable to the magnificent harmony of
„ the universe, and the great design and
„ infinite goodness of the architect, that
„ the species of creatures should also by
„ gentle degrees ascend upward from us
„ toward his infinite perfection, as we see
„ they gradually descend from us down-
„ ward: which if it be probable, we have
„ reason then to be persuaded, that there
„ are far more species of creatures above
„ us, than there are beneath; we being in
„ degrees of perfection much more remote
„ from the infinite being of God, than we
„ are from the lowest state of being, and that
„ which approaches nearest to nothing. And
„ yet of all those distinct species, we have
„ no clear distinct ideas.”

In this system of being, there is no
creature so wonderful in its nature, and
which

which so much deserves our particular attention as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings, which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to corruption, „Thou art my father,” and to the worm, „Thou art my mother and my sister.”

No. 77. On Prudence and Fortune.

The famous Gratian, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himself at court, advises his reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the company of the unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the baseness of the precept to an honest mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their interest in the world. It is certain a
great

great part of what we call good or ill fortune, rises out of right or wrong measures and schemes of life. When I hear a man complain of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, cardinal Richelieu used to say, that unfortunate and imprudent were but two words for the same thing. As the cardinal himself had a great share both of prudence and good fortune, his famous antagonist, the count d'Olivarez, was disgraced at the court of Madrid, because it was alledged against him that he had never any success in his undertakings. This, says an eminent author, was indirectly accusing him of imprudence.

Cicero recommended Pompey to the Romans for their general upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good fortune. It was, perhaps, for the reason above-mentioned, namely, that a series of good fortune supposes a prudent management in the person whom it befalls, that not only Sylla the dictator, but

but several of the Roman emperors, as is still to be seen upon their medals, among their other titles, gave themselves that of Felix or fortunate. The heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a man more for his good fortune than for any other quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man crowned with many distinguishing blessings, that has not some extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the supreme eye, though perhaps it is not discovered by my observation? What is the reason Homer's and Virgil's heroes do not form a resolution, or strike a blow, without the conduct and direction of some deity? Doubtless, because the poets esteemed it the greatest honour to be favoured by the gods, and thought the best way of praising a man was to recount those favours which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future state of rewards and punishments act very absurdly,
if

if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our being was concluded between our births and deaths, I should think a man's good fortune the measure and standard of his real merit, since Providence would have no opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections, but in the present life. A virtuous unbeliever, who lies under the pressure of misfortunes, has reason to cry out, as they say Brutus did a little before his death, „ O „ virtue, I have worshipped thee as a substantial good, but I find thou art an empty „ name.”

But to return to our first point: though prudence does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our good or ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeseen accidents and occurrences, which very often pervert the finest schemes that can be laid by human wisdom. „ The race is „ not always to the swift, nor the battle „ to the strong.” Nothing less than infinite wisdom can have an absolute command over fortune; the highest degree of it, which
man

man can possess, is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to such contingencies as may rise in the prosecution of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being so fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the dictates of human prudence, never meets with those great and unforeseen successes, which are often the effect of a sanguine temper, or a more happy rashness; and this perhaps may be the reason, that, according to the common observation, fortune, like other females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since man is so short-sighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to him so various, I cannot but be of Dr. Tillotson's opinion in another case, that were there any doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, on

whose direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well pleased with a medal which was struck by queen Elizabeth, a little after the defeat of the invincible armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the king of Spain, and others who were the enemies of that great princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests, than to the bravery of the English. Queen Elizabeth, instead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence, and accordingly, in the reverse of the medal above-mentioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription, *A flavit Deus, & dissipantur.* „He blew with his wind, „and they were scattered.”

It

It is remarkable of a famous Grecian general, whose name I cannot at present recollect, and who had been a particular favourite of fortune, that, upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of several great actions, „and „in this fortune had no share.” After which it is observed in history, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As arrogance, and a conceitedness of our own abilities, are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own schemes or prudence have no share in our advancements.

Since on this subject I have already admitted several quotations which have occurred to my memory upon writing this paper, I will conclude it with a little Persian fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke

out into the following reflexion: „Alas!
„What an insignificant creature am I in
„this prodigious ocean of waters; my ex-
„istence is of no concern to the universe, I
„am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am
„less than the least of the works of God.”
It so happened that an oyster, which lay
in the neighbourhood of this drop, chan-
ced to gape and swallow it up in the midst
of this its humble soliloquy. The drop,
says the fable, lay a great while hardening
in the shell, until by degrees it was ripe-
ned into a pearl, which falling into the
hands of a diver, after a long series of ad-
ventures, is at present that famous pearl
which is fixed on the top of the Persian
diadem.

No. 78. On the Power of Habit.

There is not a common saying which has
a better turn of sense in it, than what we
often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that
custom is a second nature. It is indeed
able to form the man anew, and to give
him

him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an idiot that chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was intire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature, and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination

U 3

clination towards it, and gives himself up so intirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diversions. The mind grows fond of those actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctance from those paths in which she has used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as were painful, will, by custom and practice, become pleasant. Sir Francis Bacon observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust in it.

He

He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for live. The mind is constituted after the same manner, and after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will observe, that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of action, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first: but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon, *Optimum vitae genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*, „Pitch upon that course of „life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful.” Men whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable, if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since

since by the rule above-mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man, to overlook those hardships and difficulties, which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. „The gods,” said Hesiod, „have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the further you advance in it.” The man who proceeds in it, with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that „her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.”

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure, which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart, that rise from the consciousness of such a

pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of an happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments, since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call Heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this world,
gain

gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this her present state of probation. In short, Heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to every thing that is good, just or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this life; but when they are removed from all those ob-

objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called in Scripture phrase, „The worm which never dies.” This notion of Heaven and Hell is so very conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age, as in particular by archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Sherlock: but there is none who has raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scott, in the first book of his Christian Life, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity, that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has shewn how every particular custom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a state of happiness in him who shall hereafter practise it: as on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.

No. 79. Of national character. Comparison of that of France and of England.

Nothing is more amusing to a traveller than to observe the different characters of the inhabitants of the countries through which he passes; and to find, upon crossing a river or a mountain, as marked a difference in the manners, the sentiments, and the opinions of the people, as in their appearance, their dress, or their language. Thus, the easy vivacity of the French, is as opposite to the dignified gravity of the Spaniard, on the one hand, as it is to the phlegmatic dullness of the German on the other. But, though all allow that every nation has some striking feature, some distinguishing characteristic, philosophers are not agreed as to the causes of that distinction. Montesquieu has exerted all the powers of his genius to prove, that difference of climate is the chief, or the only cause of the difference of national characters; and it is not surprising that the
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the opinion of so great a man should have gained much ground. None of his followers has carried the matter farther than the author of *Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains*, whose chief object seems to have been to show, that the climate of America is of such a nature, that, from its baneful influence, even the human species has degenerated in that quarter of the globe.

I must confess, however, that I have often doubted as to the justness of this opinion; and, though I do not mean to deny that climate has an influence on man, as well as on other animals, I cannot help thinking that Montesquieu, and the writers who have adopted his system, have attributed by far too much to it.

It must be allowed that man is less affected by the influence of climate than any other animal. But, of all the human race, an American savage seems to approach the nearest, in the general condition of his life, to the brute creation, and, of consequence, ought to be most subject to
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the power of climate. And yet, if we compare an Indian with an European peasant, or manufacturer, we shall be apt to think, that the former, considered as an individual, holds a higher rank in the scale of being than the latter.

The savage, quitting his cabin, goes to the assembly of his tribe, and there delivers his sentiments on the affairs of his little nation with a spirit, a force, and an energy, that might do honour to an European orator. Thence he goes to make war upon his foes; and, in the field, discovers a sagacity in his stratagems, a boldness in his designs, a perseverance in his operations, joined with a patience of fatigue and of suffering, that have long been objects of admiration, and which filled the inhabitants of the Old World, when they first beheld them, with wonder and astonishment. How superior such a being to one occupied, day after day, in turning the head of a pin, or forming the shape of a button, and possessing not one idea beyond the business in which he is immediately employed!

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It may perhaps be objected, that no fair comparison can be made where the state of society is so different, the necessary effect of civilization being to introduce a distinction of ranks, and to sink the lower orders of men far beneath that station to which by nature they are intitled. But, allowing this observation to be just, we shall find, upon comparing the savage of America with the savage of Europe, as described by Caesar and Tacitus, that the former is at least equal to the latter, in all the virtues above enumerated.

We need not, however, go so far for instances, to show, that other causes act more powerfully than climate, in forming the manners, and fixing the characters of men. London and Paris are, at present, the first cities in Europe, in point of opulence, and number of inhabitants; and in no other part of the western world are the polite and elegant arts cultivated to such advantage. But the inhabitants of those cities differ essentially in manners, sentiments, and opinions; while, at the same time, they breathe an air so very
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much alike, that it is impossible to impute that difference, in any considerable degree, to difference of climate; and, perhaps, it may not be a difficult task to point out various other causes, which may enable us to account sufficiently for the distinction between the national character of the two people.

In France, the power of the great nobles was sooner reduced within bounds than in England; and, in proportion as their power fell, that of the monarch rose. But, no sooner was the authority of the crown established on a firm basis, than the court became an object of the first attention and importance. Every man of genius, of distinction, and of rank, hastened thither, in hopes of meeting with that encouragement which his talents merited, or of being able to display, on the only proper theatre, those advantages which he possessed, either in reality, or in his own imagination.

Thus Paris, the seat of the court, became the centre of all that was great and noble, elegant and polite. The manners every

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day became more and more polished; and no man who did not possess the talents necessary to make himself agreeable, could expect to rise in the world, however great his abilities might otherwise be. The pleasures of society were cultivated with care and assiduity; and nothing tended more to promote them than that free intercourse which soon came to take place between the sexes. All men studied to acquire those graces and accomplishments by which alone they could hope to recommend themselves to the ladies, whose influence pervaded every branch of government, and every department of the state.

In England, on the other hand, the crown gained little by the fall of the nobility. The high prerogative exerted by the Princes of the Tudor race, was of short duration. A third order soon arose, that, for a time, trampled alike on the throne and the nobles. And, even after the constitution was at length happily settled, the Sovereign remained so limited in power and in revenue, that his court never acquired a degree of influence or splendor at all

all comparable to that of the French monarch. London had become so great and opulent by its extensive commerce, that the residence of the court could add little to that consideration in which it was already held. This circumstance had a powerful effect on the manners. What was looked upon as a virtue at Paris, was in London considered as a vice. There industry and frugality were so essentially requisite, that every elegant accomplishment was rejected as incompatible with those great commercial virtues.

The dark and gloomy spirit of fanaticism which prevailed so universally in England during the last century, served as an additional barrier against the progress of politeness and elegance of manners. Add to this, that the English, (owing perhaps to the superior degree of liberty they enjoy, and to their high independent spirit,) have ever been more attached to a country-life than any civilized people in Europe; and this last circumstance, slight as it may appear, has, perhaps, had as powerful an influence as any I have mentioned. A man

who lives in retirement, may be sincere, open, honourable, above dissimulation, and free from disguise; but he never can possess that ease of behaviour, and that elegance of manners, which nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the world, and the habit of mingling in society, and of conversing with persons of different ranks and different characters, can bestow.

Let us not, however, repine at the superiority of our neighbours in this respect. It is, perhaps, impossible to possess, at once, the useful and the agreeable qualities in an eminent degree; and, if ease and politeness be only attainable at the expence of sincerity in the men, and chastity in the women, I flatter myself, there are few of my readers who would not think the purchase made at too high a price.

I have, of late, remarked, with regret, an affectation of the manners of France, and a disposition in some of the higher ranks to introduce into this island that species of gallantry which has so long prevailed in that nation. But happily, neither the habits,

bits, the dispositions, the genius of our people, nor that mixture of ranks which our constitution necessarily produces, will admit of it. In France, they contrive to throw over their greatest excesses a veil so delicate and so fine, as in some measure to hide the deformity of vice, and even at times to bestow upon it the semblance of virtue. But, with us, less delicate and less refined, vice appears in its native colours, without concealment and without disguise; and, were the gallantry of Paris transplanted into this soil, it would soon degenerate into gross debauchery. At present, my countrywomen are equally respected for their virtue, as admired for their beauty; and I trust it will be long before they cease to be so.

Nro. 80. Incitement to Activity and Enterprize.

There are some vices and errors which, though often fatal to those in whom they are found, have yet, by the universal consent of mankind, been considered as entitled to some degree of respect, or have, at least, been exempted from contemptuous infamy, and condemned by the severest moralists with pity rather than detestation.

A constant and invariable example of this general partiality will be found in the different regard which has always been shown to rashness and cowardice, two vices, of which, though they may be conceived equally distant from the middle point, where true fortitude is placed, and may equally injure any publick or private interest, yet the one is never mentioned without some kind of veneration, and the other always considered as a topick of unlimited and licentious censure, on which all the virulence of reproach may be lawfully exerted.

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The same distinction is made, by the common suffrage, between profusion and avarice, and, perhaps, between many other opposite vices; and, as I have found reason to pay great regard to the voice of the people, in cases where knowledge has been forced upon them by experience, without long deductions or deep researches, I am inclined to believe that this distribution of respect is not without some agreement with the nature of things; and that in the faults, which are thus invested with extraordinary privileges, there are generally some latent principles of merit, some possibilities of future virtue, which may, by degrees, break from obstruction, and by time and opportunity be brought into act.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more easy to take away superfluities than to supply defects; and therefore he that is culpable, because he has passed the middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer object of hope, than he who fails by falling short. The one has all that perfection requires, and more, but the excess may be easily retrenched; the other

wants the qualities requisite to excellence, and who can tell how he shall obtain them? We are certain that the horse may be taught to keep pace with his fellows, whose fault is that he leaves them behind. We know that a few strokes of the axe will lop a cedar; but what arts of cultivation can elevate a shrub?

To walk with circumspection and steadiness in the right path, at an equal distance between the extremes of error, ought to be the constant endeavour of every reasonable being; nor can I think those teachers of moral wisdom much to be honoured as benefactors to mankind, who are always enlarging upon the difficulty of our duties, and providing rather excuses for vice, than incentives to virtue.

But, since to most it will happen often, and to all sometimes, that there will be a deviation towards one side or the other, we ought always to employ our vigilance, with most attention, on that enemy from which there is the greatest danger, and to stray, if we must stray, towards those parts from whence we may quickly and easily return.

Among

Among other opposite qualities of the mind, which may become dangerous, though in different degrees, I have often had occasion to consider the contrary effects of presumption and despondency; of heady confidence, which promises victory without contest, and heartless pusillanimity, which shrinks back from the thought of great undertakings, confounds difficulty with impossibility, and considers all advancement towards any new attainment as irreversibly prohibited.

Presumption will be easily corrected. Every experiment will teach caution, and miscarriages will hourly shew, that attempts are not always rewarded with success. The most precipitate ardour will, in time, be taught the necessity of methodical gradation, and preparatory measures; and the most daring confidence be convinced that neither merit, nor abilities, can command events.

It is the advantage of vehemence and activity, that they are always hastening to their own reformation; because they incite us to try whether our expectations are well

grounded, and therefore detect the deceits which they are apt to occasion. But timidity is a disease of the mind more obstinate and fatal; for a man once persuaded, that any impediment is insuperable, has given it, with respect to himself, that strength and weight which it had not before. He can scarcely strive with vigour and perseverance, when he has no hope of gaining the victory; and since he never will try his strength, can never discover the unreasonableness of his fears.

There is often to be found in men devoted to literature, a kind of intellectual cowardice, which whoever converses much among them, may observe frequently to depress the alacrity of enterprise, and, by consequence, to retard the improvement of science. They have annexed to every species of knowledge some chimerical character of terror and inhibition, which they transmit, without much reflection, from one to another; they first fright themselves, and then propagate the panick to their scholars and acquaintance. One study is inconsistent with a lively imagination, another

other with a solid judgment; one is improper in the early parts of life, another requires so much time, that it is not to be attempted at an advanced age; one is dry and contracts the sentiments, another is diffuse and overburdens the memory; one is insufferable to taste and delicacy, and another wears out life in the study of words, and is useless to a wise man, who desires only the knowledge of things.

But of all the bugbears by which the *Infantes barbati*, boys both young and old, have been hitherto frightened from digressing into new tracts of learning, none has been more mischievously efficacious than an opinion that every kind of knowledge requires a peculiar genius, or mental constitution, framed for the reception of some ideas, and the exclusion of others; and that to him whose genius is not adapted to the study which he prosecutes, all labour shall be vain and fruitless, vain as an endeavour to mingle oil and water, or, in the language of chemistry, to amalgamate bodies of heterogeneous principles.

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This opinion we may reasonably suspect to have been propagated, by vanity, beyond the truth. It is natural for those who have raised a reputation by any science, to exalt themselves as endowed by heaven with peculiar powers, or marked out by an extraordinary designation for their profession; and to fright competitors away by representing the difficulties with which they must contend, and the necessity of qualities which are supposed to be not generally conferred, and which no man can know, but by experience, whether he enjoys.

To this discouragement it may be possibly answered, that since a genius, whatever it be, is like fire in the flint, only to be produced by collision with a proper subject, it is the business of every man to try whether his faculties may not happily co-operate with his desires; and since they whose proficiency he admires, knew their own force only by the event, he needs but engage in the same undertaking with equal spirit, and may reasonably hope for equal success.

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There is another species of false intelligence, given by those who profess to shew the way to the summit of knowledge, of equal tendency to depress the mind with false distrust of itself, and weaken it by needless solicitude and dejection. When a scholar whom they desire to animate, consults them at his entrance on some new study, it is common to make flattering representations of its pleasantness and facility. Thus they generally attain one of two ends almost equally desirable; they either incite his industry by elevating his hopes, or produce a high opinion of their own abilities, since they are supposed to relate only what they have found, and to have proceeded with no less ease than they promise to their followers.

The student, inflamed by this encouragement, sets forward in the new path, and proceeds a few steps with great alacrity, but he soon finds asperities and intricacies of which he has not been forewarned, and imagining that none ever were so entangled or fatigued before him, sinks suddenly into despair, and desists as from
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an expedition in which fate opposes him. Thus his terrors are multiplied by his hopes, and he is defeated without resistance, because he had no expectation of an enemy.

Of these treacherous instructors, the one destroys industry, by declaring that industry is vain, the other by representing it as needless; the one cuts away the root of hope, the other raises it only to be blasted. The one confines his pupil to the shore, by telling him that his wreck is certain, the other sends him to sea, without preparing him for tempests.

False hopes and false terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind, at once, the difficulty of excellence, and the force of industry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour, and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.

Nro. 81. The duty of secrecy. The invalidity of all excuses for betraying secrets.

It is related by Quintus Curtius, that the Persians always conceived an invincible contempt of a man, who had violated the laws of secrecy; for they thought, that, however he might be deficient in the qualities requisite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at least were in his power, and though he perhaps could not speak well if he was to try, it was still easy for him not to speak.

In forming this opinion of the easiness of secrecy, they seem to have considered it as opposed, not to treachery, but loquacity, and to have conceived the man whom they thus censured, not frightened by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promises to betray, but incited by the mere pleasure of talking, or some other motive equally trifling, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew

knew slip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether, by their settled and avowed scorn of thoughtless talkers, the Persians were able to diffuse to any great extent the virtue of taciturnity, we are hindered by the distance of those times from being able to discover, there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of Persepolis, nor any distinct accounts handed down to us of their office-clerks, their ladies of the bed-chamber, their attorneys, their chamber-maids, or their footmen.

In these latter ages, though the old animosity against a prattler is still retained, it appears wholly to have lost its effects upon the conduct of mankind; for secrets are so seldom kept, that it may with some reason be doubted, whether the ancients were not mistaken in their first postulate, whether the quality of retention be so generally bestowed, and whether a secret has not some subtle volatility, by which it escapes imperceptibly at the smallest vent, or some power of fermentation, by which it expands itself so as to burst the heart that will not give it way.

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Those that study either the body or the mind of man, very often find the most specious and pleasing theory falling under the weight of contrary experience; and instead of gratifying their vanity by inferring effects from causes, they are always reduced at last to conjecture causes from effects. That it is easy to be secret, the speculatist can demonstrate in his retreat, and therefore thinks himself justified in placing confidence; the man of the world knows, that, whether difficult or not, it is uncommon, and therefore finds himself rather inclined to search after the reason of this universal failure in one of the most important duties of society.

The vanity of being known to be trusted with a secret is generally one of the chief motives to disclose it; for however absurd it may be thought to boast an honour by an act which shews that it was conferred without merit, yet most men seem rather inclined to confess the want of virtue than of importance, and more willingly shew their influence, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life

with no other pleasure than the private consciousness of fidelity; which, while it is preserved, must be without praise, except from the single person who tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a secret, by which a man exempts himself from the reproaches of his conscience, and gratifies his pride, without suffering himself to believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the private affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to those from whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them to those, who have no temptation to betray the trust, or with a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friendship, if he discovers that they become publick.

Secrets are very frequently told in the first ardour of kindness, or of love, for the sake of proving, by so important a sacrifice, sincerity, or tenderness; but with this motive, though it be strong in itself, vanity concurs, since every man desires to be most esteemed by those whom he loves, or with whom he converses, with whom
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he passes his hours of pleasure, and to whom he retires from business and from care.

When the discovery of secrets is under consideration, there is always a distinction carefully to be made between our own and those of another; those of which we are fully masters as they affect only our own interest, and those which are reposed with us in trust, and involve the happiness or convenience of such as we have no right to expose to hazard. To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

There have, indeed, been some enthusiastick and irrational zealots for friendship, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in possession of another; and that therefore it is a violation of kindness to exempt any secret from this boundless confidence. Accordingly a late female minister of state has been shameless enough to

inform the world, that she used, when she wanted to extract any thing from her sovereign, to remind her of Montaigne's reasoning, who has determined, that to tell a secret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, because the number of persons trusted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the same.

That such a fallacy could be imposed upon any human understanding, or that an author could have advanced a position so remote from truth and reason, any other ways than as a declaimer, to shew to what extent he could stretch his imagination, and with what strength he could press his principle, would scarcely have been credible, had not this lady kindly shewn us how far weakness may be deluded, or indolence amused. But since it appears, that even this sophistry has been able, with the help of a strong desire to repose in quiet upon the understanding of another, to mislead honest intentions, and an understanding not contemptible, it may not be superfluous to remark, that those things which are common among friends are only such as
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either possesses in his own right, and can alienate or destroy without injury to any other person. Without this limitation, confidence must run on without end, the second person may tell the secret to the third, upon the same principle as he received it from the first, and the third may hand it forward to a fourth, till at last it is told in the round of friendship to them from whom it was the first intention to conceal it.

The confidence which Caius has of the faithfulness of Titius is nothing more than an opinion which himself cannot know to be true, and which Claudius, who first tells his secret to Caius, may know to be false; and therefore the trust is transferred by Caius, if he reveal what has been told him, to one from whom the person originally concerned would have withheld it; and whatever may be the event, Caius has hazarded the happiness of his friend, without necessity and without permission, and has put that trust in the hand of fortune which was given only to virtue.

All the arguments upon which a man who is telling the private affairs of another may ground his confidence of security, he must upon reflection know to be uncertain because he finds them without effect upon himself. When he is imagining that Titius will be cautious from a regard to his interest, his reputation, or his duty, he ought to reflect that he is himself at that instant acting in opposition to all these reasons, and revealing what interest, reputation, and duty direct him to conceal.

Every one feels that in his own case he should consider the man incapable of trust, who believed himself at liberty to tell whatever he knew to the first whom he should conclude deserving of his confidence; therefore Caius, in admitting Titius to the affairs imparted only to himself, must know that he violates his faith, since he acts contrary to the intention of Claudius, to whom that faith was given. For promises of friendship are, like all others, useless and vain, unless they are made in some known sense, adjusted and acknowledged by both parties.

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I am not ignorant that many questions may be started relating to the duty of secrecy, where the affairs are of publick concern; where subsequent reasons may arise to alter the appearance and nature of the trust; that the manner in which the secret was told may change the degree of obligation; and that the principles upon which a man is chosen for a confident may not always equally constrain him. But these scruples, if not too intricate, are of too extensive consideration for my present purpose, nor are they such as generally occur in common life; and though casuistical knowledge be useful in proper hands, yet it ought by no means to be carelessly exposed, since most will use it rather to lull than awaken their own consciences; and the threads of reasoning, on which truth is suspended, are frequently drawn to such subtilty, that common eyes cannot perceive, and common sensibility cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine, as well as practice of secrecy, is so perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is compelled to trust, I think him unhappy who is chosen to be

trusted; for he is often involved in scruples without the liberty of calling in the help of any other understanding; he is frequently drawn into guilt, under the appearance of friendship and honesty; and sometimes subjected to suspicion by the treachery of others, who are engaged without his knowledge in the same schemes; for he that has one confident has generally more, and when he is at last betrayed, is in doubt on whom he shall fix the crime.

The rules therefore that I shall propose concerning secrecy, and from which I think it not safe to deviate, without long and exact deliberation, are— Never to solicit the knowledge of a secret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept such confidence when it is offered. When a secret is once admitted, to consider the trust as of a very high nature, important as society, and sacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or slight appearance of contrary fitness.

Nro. 82. The History of Eugenio.

SIR,

I send You an account of my Friend Eugenio, by whose distress my mind has been long kept in perpetual agitation; and whose fate may prove instructive.

As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he supposed to be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated upon these principles he gradually reduced a paternal estate of two thousand pounds per annum to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very considerable fortune in trade, retired unmar-
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ried into the country: he knew that the paternal estate was greatly reduced: and, therefore, took the expence of his nephew's education upon himself: after some years had been spent at Westminster school, he sent him to the university, and supported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish of literature, and insensibly acquired a strong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine, and our acquaintance was soon improved into friendship. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a sense of generosity and honour which I had conceived to consist only in romance. With respect to Christianity, indeed, he was as yet a sceptic: but I found it easy to obviate general objections; and, as he had great penetration and sagacity, was superior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wished to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as soon as he began to enquire: the evidence for Revelation at length appeared incontestible; and without

out busying himself with the cavils of subtilty against particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the promises as the foundation of hope. The same ardour and firmness, the same generosity and honour, were now exercised with more exalted views, and upon a more perfect plan. He considered me as his preceptor, and I considered him as my example: our friendship increased every day; and I believe he had conceived a design to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town: for that his earnest desire to place him in the army was now accomplished, and he had procured him a captain's commission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence resented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his desire to continue at college, and his interest to oblige his
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uncle, yet obeyed his father without the least hesitation.

When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this subject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a last effort had written to the son; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude; and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared, that in the height of his resentment he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland whom he had never seen.

Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himself by reflecting, that he had incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character and principles were very different from his own. Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong,
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by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of disingenuity, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough simplicity in his manner which many circumstances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds; but as the parsimony which enabled him to amass it, extended to the education of his son, by whom it was to be possessed, he had been taught neither politeness nor literature. He married a lady, whose influence would have polished the rough diamond by degrees; but she died within the first year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name Amelia, and transferred all his affection: he, therefore, continued to live in great privacy; and being used to have only servants and dependents about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that complaisance which becomes insensibly habitual to those, whomix in the company of persons whom
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it is their apparent interest to please, and whose presence is a perpetual restraint upon such irregular starts of temper as would incur contempt by arrogating a superiority which none would acknowledge. To this disposition his daughter accommodated herself as she grew up, from motives both of affection and duty: as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he spared no cost to complete her's; and she is indeed the most accomplished character I ever knew: her obedience is cheerful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade; her looks express the utmost sweetness and sensibility, and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands respect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agrestis produced a tender friendship between his sister and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increased with their years.

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual esteem: the transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often

ten imperceptible even to themselves; and, perhaps, was not discovered till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, she was about eighteen: as her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval, their first effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater; and he perceived, from whatever cause, a more sensible emotion in her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him; and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune: sometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleasure, and sometimes with regret: but while they were thus mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity: and though he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty; yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as
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in the strict discipline which he maintained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence, though he felt his passion for Amelia increase, notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his sister.

When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities to see her were equally frequent: but the pleasure of those interviews were become yet more tumultuous and confused; and the lovers were both conscious, that their sentiments were every moment involuntarily discovered to each other.

Amelia had dismissed many suitors, who were not less distinguished by their merit than their rank, because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune; and Eugenio persisted in a conduct by which this hope was disappointed, because he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependance and poverty.

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The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed by obtaining the consent of Agrestis; but those of honour would still have remained: he was not, however, absolutely without hope; for though he had lost his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had greatly recommended himself to his commanding officer, who was of the highest rank, he believed it possible that he might be advanced to a post in the army, which would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

Agrestis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither asked nor suspected her motives: for he had always declared, that as he believed she would never marry against his consent, he would never urge her to marry against her own inclination.

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to see her almost every day, without the least intimation of his love, till the beginning of the last winter, when he lost his sister by the small-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now less frequent, and, therefore,

more interesting: he feared, that as he would be seldom in her sight, the assiduities of some fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: he did not, however, falter in his resolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct.

It happened that about this time she was addressed by Ventofus, the eldest son of a noble family; who, besides a large estate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court. Ventofus, though he was strongly recommended by Agrestis, and was remarkable for personal accomplishments, was yet received with great coldness by Amelia: he was surprized, mortified, and disappointed; yet he continued his visits, and was very diligent to discover what had prevented his success. One evening, just as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventofus instantly remarked the embarrassment both of his mistress and the stranger, whom he, therefore, supposed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own disappointment;

ment: these suspicions were every moment confirmed and increased: for his presence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor mistaken; though by a less penetrating eye than that of jealousy, they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with resentment and indignation; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, he was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom he desired to speak a few words in private. Agrestis turned back into another apartment, and Ventofus told him with some warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged; and that he could not help thinking himself ill treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning; and after some time had been spent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper; Agrestis persuaded that a clandestine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventofus convinced that Agrestis had never encouraged the pretensions of his rival.

Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and sternly urged her with many

questions, which she could only answer with blushes and tears: her silence and confusion convinced him that Ventofus was not mistaken; and, therefore, desisting from enquiry, he severely reprehended her for the past, and enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio again; to whom he also signified his displeasure, and requested that to prevent further uneasiness he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married.

Eugenio, though his love was almost hopeless before, was yet greatly afflicted by this message; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's displeasure, and that now he was become jealous of his authority he might be tempted to abuse it. As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened from his father, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agrestis, he always took care to have some engagement at another place: Agrestis, however, as he

he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended; but as he expressed no resentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride, that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture, and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son.

A suspicion of ill will always produces it; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion; he, therefore, treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who considered it as the caprice of a character which he always despised; he, therefore, retorted the neglect without expostulation: and thus all intercourse between the families was at an end.

Eugenio in the mean time was inflexible in his purpose; and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventofus, acquainted him that she would see him no more. Ventofus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was steady in his principles, notwithstanding his resentment; and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which God and nature had given him in his favour; and that, however provoked, he would never prostitute his child, by compelling her to marry a person who was not the object of her choice.

Ventofus, who was extremely mortified at this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected: he soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia; he reflected upon the confusion which both had expressed in the accidental interview at which he was present; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been too successful to be supplanted with honour by a husband: this, however, if he did not believe, he
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was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hinted that for this reason he had abruptly discontinued his addreses, and congratulated himself upon his escape.

It happened that about six weeks ago, Ventofus, as he was walking in the Mall, with a young officer of distinction, met Amelia in company of several ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a supercilious respect, which had greatly the air of an insult: of this compliment Amelia, though she looked him in the face, took no notice: by this calm disdain he was at once disappointed and confounded; he was stung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breast swelled with passion which he could not vent. In this agitation of mind he hastily turned back, and determined, for whatever reason, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he saw Eugenio coming forward, who, the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was observed by Ventofus, whose contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they

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might without violence to the laws of honour be gratified: he communicated his purpose to his companion, and hastily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burst into a horse-laugh, and pushed so rudely by him, that he could scarce recover his step: they did not, however, go on; but stopping suddenly, turned about as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great surprize at discovering to whom it had happened. Ventofus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon; telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this insult Eugenio answered, „ That „ he was not willing to suppose that an affront was intended, and that if the lady „ he meant was a woman of honour, she „ ought always to be mentioned with respect.” Ventofus replied, „ That whether the lady he meant was a woman of „ honour, he would not determine; but „ he believed she had been very very kind; „ and was pleased to see that her favours „ were not forgotten, though they were „ no

„no longer accepted.” Eugenio was not now master of his temper, but turning suddenly upon Ventofus, struck him with such violence that he fell at his feet: he rose, however, in an instant, and laid his hand upon his sword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; and the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expressions of contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer who had been in company with Ventofus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he answered by the following billet.

„SIR,

„Your behaviour last night has convinced
„me that you are a scoundrel; and your
„letter this morning that you are a fool.
„If I should accept your challenge, I should
„myself be both. I owe a duty to God
„and to my country, which I deem it in-
„famous to violate; and I am intrusted
„with a life, which I think cannot without
„folly be staked against yours. I believe
„you have ruined, but you cannot degrade

„me. You may possibly, while you sneer
„over this letter, secretly exult in your own
„safety; but remember, that to prevent
„assassination I have a sword, and to chastise
„insolence a cane.”

With this letter, the captain returned to Ventofus, who read it with all the extravagancies of rage and disdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to soothe and encourage him; he represented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwise to punish than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this, he said, would be very easily accomplished. Ventofus at length acquiesced in the sentiments of his friend; and it was soon industriously reported, that Eugenio had struck a person of high rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a gentleman which he had condescended to ask. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally punished, because it was made his duty as a soldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his superior officers, and made them very solicitous to

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to find some pretence to dismiss him. The friends of Ventofus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked, was committed within the verge of the court, and was, therefore, a sufficient cause to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be punished with the loss of his hand, by a law which though disused was still in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commission.

He had concealed his quarrel with Ventofus from his father, who was then at the family-seat about twenty miles from London, because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause; but the effect was such as could not be hidden; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He, therefore, set out immediately for the country; but his father about the same time arrived in London: some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio; and though he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some
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indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction: he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was scarce human, declared his son to be unworthy of his name, and solemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the same day, but it was late before he arrived: the servant that opened the door told him with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much disordered, and had commanded that he should no more be admitted into that house. He stood motionless a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and

and his eyes swimming in tears: the moment he saw me, he threw himself into a chair; and putting a copy of his answer to Ventofus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my enquiries by relating all that had happened.

After having administered such consolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed. I sat up the rest of the night, devising various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his son had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his house; and after much sollicitation was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was easy to see that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the struggles of parental tenderness: but the moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him speechless; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel upon the same subject would have been without effect. I did not, however, relate these discouraging circumstances to Eugenio:
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I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made; not only because his father's resentment would probably subside, but because he was now indisposed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening, and knocking softly at the servant's window, enquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he intreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage, which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described: I prevailed upon him to go back to my house, where he sometimes hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sat fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits, news was brought that his father
was

was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill disinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broke his heart.

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprize or emotion, but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food; till his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself up in a horseman's coat that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himself on the grave; and hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in silence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned: he was surprized, and I thought somewhat confounded to see me; he suffered me, however, to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word.

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He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of some means by which he might obtain a subsistence: he was, indeed, totally destitute, without money and without a profession; but he made no complaint, and obstinately refused all pecuniary assistance.

In less than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his sword, a snuff-box, and ring, into money, he engaged as a common sailor in a private undertaking to discover the north-west passage to India.

When he communicated this desperate enterprize, he appeared perfectly composed; „My dear friend,” said he, „it has „been always my point of honour to obey „the commands of God, the prime author „of my being and the ultimate object of „my hope, at whatever risque; and I do „not repent that I have steadily adhered „to this principle at the expence of all that „is valuable upon earth: I have suffered „the loss of fortune, of love, and of fame; „but

„but I have preserved my integrity, and
„I know that I shall not lose my reward.
„To these I would, indeed, add the esteem,
„though not the love, of Amelia. She will
„hear of me as degraded and disinherited,
„a coward, a vagabond, and a fugitive; and
„her esteem, I think, I have sufficient
„reason to give up: grief will wound her
„deeper than contempt; it is, therefore,
„best that she should despise me. Some of
„those, by whom she is addressed, deser-
„ve her: and I ought not to withhold a
„felicity which I cannot enjoy. I shall
„embark to-morrow; and your friendly
„embrace is all the good that I expect to
„receive from this country, when I de-
„part in search of others which are
„unknown.”

To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious.

On the morrow I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things;

and when we parted wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without speaking. I hasted into the boat which waited to bring me on shore, and would not again feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

Such is the friend I have lost! such is the man, whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge! But none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wish that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man.

It may, perhaps, be questioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his story under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forbore. My love to him, is, indeed, my motive: but I think my conduct is just, when I consider, that though it is possible that Amelia may, by the perusal of these papers, suffer the most tender, and, therefore, the most exquisite distress, by the reestablishment of her esteem for him who most deserves it; yet the world may derive new virtue, from
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the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illustrious; and as it can scarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

BENEVOLUS.

Mr. Adventurer,

I am the person whom your correspondent Benevolus has thought fit to mention by the name of Agrestis. There are some particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has mistaken: but I love plain-dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me, I forgive him: perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no stranger to any principles that would lead a man to a handsome thing. But to the point. I approve your publishing the story of Eugenio; and I am determined the world shall not lose the sequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

You must know, Sir, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth she has been somewhat grave ever since she dismissed Ventoſus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and ſo watching her pretty cloſely, I caught her laſt Saturday was ſe'nnight almoſt drowned in tears with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an inſtant, and putting on my ſpectacles began to read, with a ſhrewd ſuſpicion that I ſhould find out a ſecret. Her paſſion of crying ſtill increaſed; and when I had looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that ſhe was by ſome means deeply intereſted in the ſtory, which, indeed, appeared to me to be full of miſfortune. In ſhort, I preſſed her ſo home upon the ſubject, that ſhe put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerneſs; though to confeſs a truth, I could ſcarce ſee the three laſt pages. Odds my life, thinks I, what an honeſt fellow this Eugenio is! and leering up at my girl, I thought I never ſaw her look ſo like her mother before.

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I took her about the neck and kissed her; but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I enquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin; and told me, with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. „Emmy,” says I, „the Captain was always in my „opinion a worthy man; and when I had „reason to believe you liked him, I did „not resolve to part you because he was „without a title or an estate, but because I „could not be reconciled to his profession. „I was determined you should never marry a cockade, and carry a knapsack; and „if he had been a general officer, I would „have preferred an honest citizen, who

„encourages trade and navigation, before
„him. Besides, I was angry that you should
„hold a private correspondence, and think
„to carry your point without me: but you
„were greatly misrepresented; so was the
„Captain: he has gallantly removed all
„my objections at once, he is not now in
„the army, nor has he ever attempted to
„subvert my authority; he is a true heart,
„and I feel that I love him as my son. He
„is still within reach, and you shall this
„moment write to him with your own
„hand, and tell him, that I say he shall be
„your husband. I have money enough
„for ye both; and if I please, I can make
„him a lord.” The poor child sat with
her handkerchief up to her eyes while I
was speaking, and I did not immediately
perceive, that, upon hearing the Captain
was not gone, she had fainted. We could
scarce keep life in her for above two hours;
but at last she a little recovered her spirits,
and brought me the following billet:

To

To Eugenio.

SIR,

„ My dear papa commands me to intreat,
„ that you would immediately come on
„ shore, and from this hour consider his
„ house as your own. He is greatly affec-
„ ted with the story of your generosity and
„ distress, which he has just learnt by an
„ accident which I cannot now communica-
„ te; and he is determined to make you his
„ heir, without prejudice to,

„ SIR, your humble servant,

„ A M E L I A.”

When I had perused this epistle, „Pshaw,” says I, „put affectionate at the end of it, „or else he won’t come now.” This made her smile. I was glad to see her look cheerful; and having with some difficulty procured the proper addition, I dispatched the letter instantly by my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio’s friend the doctor by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this

letter; it is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my house: neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough, that they are to be married next Thursday. I add some particulars for your private inspection in the postscript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare say you will share the happiness of which you have been the instrument; and I assure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to

Yours heartily,

AGRESTIS.

I am extremely obliged to Agrestis for his postscript, but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by its effect, is the most eloquent performance I ever read: its excellence, I am persuaded, will be universally acknowledged, because it will be felt. I shall, however, add some remarks, which, perhaps, may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of speculation.

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Eugenio's heroic perseverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with less generosity engaged in a clandestine love, either he would have forfeited the esteem of Amelia, or she would have incurred the resentment of her father; if he had succeeded to the remains of his paternal estate, he might still have been suspected by Agrestis; and if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would still have been disapproved.

Thus, perhaps, if remote consequences could be discovered by human foresight, we should see the wisdom and the kindness of Divine Prescription; we should see, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our desire of happiness, were given to prevent our being precipitated by error into misery; at least, it would appear, that if some immediate advantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loss is sustained by society; and as society is only an aggregation of individuals, he who seeks his own advantage at the ex-

pence of society, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the necessary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance: but if these were allowed to be punished by the individual against whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cause, and universal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more sacred than any other: and the violation of them is so far from being necessary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among those in whom cowardice is punished with death, by the following clause in the nineteenth Article of war:

„Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid
„another for Refusing a Challenge;
„since, according to these our orders, they
„do but the Duty of Soldiers, who
„ought to subject themselves to discipline:
„and

„ and we do acquit and discharge all men
„ who have quarrels offered, or challen-
„ ges sent to them, of all disgrace or opinion
„ of disadvantage in their obedience he-
„ reunto: and whoever shall upbraid them,
„ or offend in this case, shall be punished
„ as a Challenger.”

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant; and those, who by the arrogance of their folly labour to render it ineffectual, should, as enemies to their Country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.

Nro. 83. On Personal Identity. Zemroude and Fadlallah, an Eastern Tale.

There has been very great reason, on several accounts, for the learned world to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose personal identity.

Mr. Locke, after having premised that the word person properly signifies a thinking intelligent being that has reason and
re-

reflexion, and can consider itself as itself, concludes, that it is consciousness alone, and not an identity of substance, which makes this personal identity of sameness. „Had I the same consciousness,” says that author, „that I saw the ark and Noah’s „flood, as that I saw an overflowing of the „Thames last winter; or as that I now „write; I could no more doubt that I who „write this now, that saw the Thames over- „flow last winter, and that viewed the „flood at the general deluge, was the same „self, place that self in what substance you „please, than that I who write this am the „same myself now while I write, whether „I consist of all the same substance material „or immaterial or no, that I was yesterday; „for as to this point of being the same self, „it matters not whether this present self be „made up of the same or other substances.”

I was mightily pleased with a story in some measure applicable to this piece of philosophy, which I read the other day in the Persian Tales, as they are lately very well translated by Mr. Philips; and with an abridgment whereof I shall here present my readers.

I shall

I shall only premise that these stories are writ after the eastern manner, but somewhat more correct.

„Fadlallah, a prince of great virtues,
„succeeded his father Bin-Ortoc, in the
„kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his
„faithful subjects for some time, and lived
„in great happiness with his beauteous con-
„sort Queen Zemroude, when there appea-
„red at his court a young Dervis of so li-
„vely and entertaining a turn of wit, as
„won upon the affections of every one he
„conversed with. His reputation grew so
„fast every day, that it at last raised a cu-
„riosity in the prince himself to see and
„talk with him. He did so, and far from
„finding that common fame had flattered
„him, he was soon convinced that every
„thing he had heard of him fell short of
„the truth.

„Fadlallah immediately lost all manner
„of relish for the conversation of other men;
„and as he was every day more and more
„satisfied of the abilities of this stranger,
„offered him the first posts in his kingdom.
„The young Dervis, after having thanked
„him

„him with a very singular modesty, desir-
„ed to be excused, as having made a vow
„never to accept of any employment, and
„preferring a free and independent state
„of life to all other conditions.

„The king was infinitely charmed with
„so great an example of moderation; and
„though he could not get him to engage
„in all life of business, made him however
„his chief companion and first favourite.

„As they were one day hunting toge-
„ther, and happened to be separated from
„the rest of the company, the Dervis en-
„tertained Fadlallah with an account of
„his travels and adventures. After having
„related to him several curiosities which
„he had seen in the Indies, ‘It was in this
‘place,’ says he, ‘that I contracted an ac-
‘quaintance with an old Brachman, who
‘was skilled in the most hidden powers of
‘nature: he died within my arms, and
‘with his parting breath communicated
‘to me one of the most valuable secrets,
‘on condition I should never reveal it to
‘any man.’ The king immediately re-
„flecting on his young favourite’s having
„re-

„refused the late offers of greatness he had
„made him, told him he presumed it was
„the power of making gold. ‘No, Sir,’
says the Dervis, ‘it is somewhat more
‘wonderful than that; it is the power of
‘re-animating a dead body, by flinging my
‘own soul into it.’

„While he was yet speaking a doe came
„bounding by them, and the king, who
„had his bow ready, shot her through the
„heart, telling the Dervis, that a fair op-
„portunity now offered for him to shew
„his art. The young man immediately
„left his own body breathless on the
„ground, while at the same instant that of
„the doe was re-animated: she came to
„the king, fawned upon him, and after
„having played several wanton tricks, fell
„again upon the grass; at the same instant
„the body of the Dervis recovered its life.
„The king was infinitely pleased at so un-
„common an operation, and conjured his
„friend by every thing that was sacred to
„communicate it to him. The Dervis at
„first made some scruple of violating his
„promise to the dying Brachman; but told
„him

„him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a prince; „after having obliged him therefore by an „oath to secrecy, he taught him to repeat „two cabalistic words, in pronouncing of „which the whole secret consisted. The „king impatient to try the experiment, „immediately repeated them as he had „been taught, and in an instant found himself in the body of the doe. He had but „a little time to contemplate himself in this „new being; for the treacherous Dervis „shooting his own soul in to the royal corps, „and bending the prince's own bow against „him, had laid him dead on the spot, had „not the king, who perceived his intent, „fled swiftly to the woods.

„The Dervis, now triumphing in his „villainy, returned to Moufel, and filled „the throne and bed of the unhappy Fad- „lallah.

„The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the possession of „his new acquired kingdom, was to issue „out a proclamation, ordering his subjects „to destroy all the deer in the realm. The „king

„king had perished among the rest, had
„he not avoided his pursuers by re-ani-
„mating the body of a nightingale which
„he saw lie dead at the foot of a tree. In
„this new shape he winged his way in sa-
„fety to the palace, where perching on
„a tree which stood near his queen's apart-
„ment, he filled the whole place with so
„many melodious and melancholy notes
„as drew her to the window. He had the
„mortification to see that, instead of being
„pitied, he only moved the mirth of his
„princess; and of a young female slave who
„was with her. He continued however
„to serenade her every morning, until at
„last the queen, charmed with his harmo-
„ny, sent for the bird-catchers, and or-
„dered them to employ their utmost skill
„to put that little creature in her possession.
„The king, pleased with an opportunity
„of being once more near his beloved con-
„sort, easily suffered himself to be taken;
„and when he was presented to her, though
„he shewed a fearfulness to be touched by
„any of the other ladies, flew of his own
„accord, and hid himself in the queen's
„bosom. Zemroude was highly pleased

„at the unexpected fondness of her new
„favourite, and ordered him to be kept
„in an open cage in her own apartment.
„He had there an opportunity of making
„his court to her every morning, by a thou-
„sand little actions, which his shape allo-
„wed him. The queen passed away whole
„hours every day in hearing and playing
„with him. Fadlallah could even have
„thought himself happy in this state of life,
„had he not frequently endured the inex-
„pressible torment of seeing the Dervis en-
„ter the apartment and caress his queen
„even in his presence.

„The usurper, amidst his toying with
„his princess, would often endeavour to
„ingratiate himself with her nightingale;
„and while the enraged Fadlallah pecked
„at him with his bill, beat his wings, and
„shewed all the marks of an impotent ra-
„ge, it only afforded his rival and the queen
„new matter for their diversion.

„Zemroude was likewise fond of a little
„lap dog, which she kept in her apartment,
„and which one night happened to die.

„The

„The king immediately found himself
„inclined to quit the shape of the nightin-
„gale, and enliven this new body. He
„did so, and the next morning Zemroude
„saw her favourite bird lie dead in the cage.
„It is impossible to express her grief on
„this occasion, and when she called to mind
„all its little actions, which even appeared
„to have somewhat in them like reason,
„she was inconsolable for her loss.

„Her women immediately sent for the
„Dervis to come and comfort her, who af-
„ter having in vain represented to her the
„weakness of being grieved at such an ac-
„cident, touched at last by her repeated
„complaints; Well, Madam,” says he,
„I will exert the utmost of my art to plea-
„se you. Your nightingale shall again re-
„vive every morning and serenade you as
„before.” The queen beheld him with a
„look which easily shewed she did not be-
„lieve him, when laying himself down
„on a sofa, he shot his soul into the night-
„ingale, and Zemroude was amazed to see
„her bird revive.

„The king, who was a spectator of all
„that passed, lying under the shape of a

„lap dog, in one corner of the room, immediately recovered his own body, and running to the cage with the utmost indignation, twisted off the neck of the false nightingale.

„Zemroude was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second accident, until the king intreating her to hear him, related to her his whole adventure.

„The body of the Dervis which was found dead in the wood, and his edict for killing all the deer, left her no room to doubt of the truth of it: but the story adds, that out of an extreme delicacy, peculiar to the oriental ladies, she was so highly afflicted at the innocent adultery in which she had for some time lived with the Dervis, that no arguments even from Fadolallah himself could compose her mind. She shortly after died with grief, begging his pardon with her last breath for what the most rigid justice could not have interpreted as a crime.

„The king was so afflicted with her death, that he left his kingdom to one of his nearest relations, and passed the rest of his days in solitude and retirement.”

Nro. 84. On Hope.

The time present seldom affords sufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleasure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want business, but always have materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain powers, that can recal what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, which we call the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in several animals that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments and prevents any

chasms of thought by ideas of what is past, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is to come. These are the passions of hope and fear.

By these two passions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer misery, and enjoy happiness, before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not? But I shall, in this paper, confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of hope.

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable being, were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his

his possession. „We should hope for every
„thing that is good,” says the old poet Linus,
„because there is nothing which may not
„be hoped for, and nothing but what the
„Gods are able to give us.” Hope quickens
all the still parts of life, and keeps the
mind awake in her most remiss and indo-
lent hours. It gives habitual serenity and
good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in
the soul, that cheers and gladdens her,
when she does not attend to it. It makes
pain easy, and labour pleasant.

Besides these several advantages which
rise from Hope, there is another which is
none of the least, and that is, its great ef-
ficacy in preserving us from setting too
high a value on present enjoyments. The
saying of Caesar is very well known.
When he had given away all his estate
in gratuities amongst his friends, one of
them asked what he had left for himself;
to which that great man replied, Hope.
His natural magnanimity hindered him
from prizing what he was certainly posses-
sed of, and turned all his thoughts upon
something more valuable that he had in

view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

The old story of Pandora's box, which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man, shews us how deplorable a state they thought the present life, without hope. To set forth the utmost condition or misery they tell us, that our forefather, according to the Pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by Pandora: upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, until that time, they had been altogether exempt. Hope, who had been inclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, especially when the hope
is

is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an intire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My next observation is this, that a religious life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and the most complete happiness.

I have before shewn how the influence of hope in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious hope has still greater advantages. It does not only bear up

the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewise this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection. *)

I shall

*) Addison the great and excellent Author of this Essay, proved himself a noble instance of this serene cheerfulness of a dying Christian. In his agonies, he sent for a Youth nearly related. He came; but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. After a decent, and proper pause, the Youth said: „Dear Sir, You sent for me: I believe, and „I hope, that You have some commands; I shall „hold them most sacred.” Forcibly grasping the Youth’s hand, Addison softly said, „See „in what peace a Christian can die.”

I shall conclude this essay with those emblematical expressions of a lively hope, which the psalmist made use of in the midst of those dangers and adversities which surrounded him; for the following passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic sense. „I have set „the Lord always before me: because he „is at my right hand I shall not be moved. „Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory „rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope. „For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, „neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one „to see corruption. Thou wilt shew me „the path of life: in thy presence there is „fulness of joy, at thy right hand there „are pleasures for evermore.”

Nro. 85. The vile and cruel Seducer.

The following letter is of so interesting a nature, that I have put my printer to no small inconvenience in getting it ready at a very short warning for this day's publication. If the contents of it are genuine,
I hard-

I hardly know of a punishment which the author of such complicated ruin does not deserve. The unavoidable miseries of mankind are sufficient in themselves for human nature to bear; but when shame and dishonour are added to poverty and want, the lot of life is only to be endured by the consideration that there is a final state of retribution, in which the sufferings of the innocent will be abundantly recompensed, and temporary sorrows be crowned with endless joys.

To MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If your breast has any feeling for the distresses of a ruined wife and mother, I beseech you to give my most unhappy story a place in your next paper. It may possibly come time enough to prevent a catastrophe, which would add horror to ruin, and drive to utter distraction a poor helpless family, who have more misery already than they are able to bear.

I am

I am the wife of a very worthy officer in the army, who, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, was obliged to sell his commission; and from a state of ease and plenty has been long since reduced to the utmost penury and want. One son and a daughter were our only children.— Alas! that I should live to say it! happy would it have been for us if one of them had never been born.— The boy was of a noble nature, and in happier times his father bought him a commission in the service, where he is now a lieutenant, and quartered in Scotland with his regiment. O! he is a dear and dutiful child, and has kept his poor parents from the extremity of want, by the kind supplies which he has from time to time sent us in our misfortunes.

His sister was in the eyes of a fond father and mother lovely to an extreme. Alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, she was too lovely.— The times I have watered her dear face with my tears, at the thought that her temper was too meek and gentle for so engaging a form! She lived with us till she was turned of fourteen, at which time
we

we were prevailed on by a friend to place her with a gentleman of fortune in the country, (who had lately buried his lady,) to be the companion of his daughters. The gentleman's character was too honourable, and the offer too advantageous, to suffer us to hesitate long about parting with a child, whom, dear to us as she was, we were not able to support. It is now a little more than two years since our separation, and till within a very few months it was our happiness and joy that we had provided for her so fortunately. She lived in the esteem and friendship of the young ladies, who were indeed very amiable persons; and such was their father's seeming indulgence to us, that he advanced my husband a sum of money upon his bond, to free him from some small debts, which threatened him hourly with a jail.

But how shall I tell you, Sir, that this seeming benefactor has been the cruellest of all enemies! The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted, by hearing less frequently from our daughter than we used to do; and when a letter from her arrived, it was short and constrained,
and

and sometimes blotted, as if with tears, while it told us of nothing that should occasion any concern. It is now upwards of two months since we have heard from her at all; and while we were wondering at her silence, we received a letter from the eldest of the young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity which can neither be described nor imagined. It was directed to me, and contained these words :

„MADAM,

„For reasons that you will too soon be
„acquainted with, I must desire that your
„daughter may be a stranger to our family.
„I dare not indulge my pity for her as I
„would, lest it should lead me to think
„too hardly of one, whom I am bound
„in duty to reverence and honour. The
„bearer brings you a trifle, with which I
„desire you will immediately hire a post-
„chaise, and take away your daughter. My
„father is from home, and knows nothing
„of this letter; but assure yourself it is
„meant to serve you, and that I am,

„MADAM,

„Your very sincere friend,

„and humble servant.”

Alarmed and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no hesitation of complying with its contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not inform me of a syllable that I wanted to know. My husband indeed had a fatal guess at its meaning, and in a fury of rage insisted on accompanying me; but as I really hoped better things, and flattered myself that the young ladies were apprehensive of a marriage between their father and my girl, I soothed him into patience, and set out alone.

I travelled all night, and early the next morning saw myself at the end of my journey.— O Sir! am I alive to tell it? I found my daughter in a situation the most shocking that a fond mother could behold! She had been seduced by her benefactor, and was visibly with child. I will not detain you with the swoonings and confusion of the unhappy creature at this meeting, nor with my own distraction at what I saw and heard. In short, I learnt from the eldest of the young ladies, that she had long suspected some unwarrantable intimacies

cies between her father and my girl; and that finding in her altered shape and appearance a confirmation of her suspicions, she had questioned her severely upon the subject, and brought her to a full confession of her guilt: that farther, her infatuated father was then gone to town to provide lodgings for the approaching necessity, and that my poor deluded girl had consented to live with him afterwards in London, in the character of a mistress.

I need not tell you, Sir, the horror I felt at this dismal tale. Let it suffice that I returned with my unhappy child, with all the haste I was able. Nor is it needful that I should tell you of the rage and indignation of a fond distracted father at our coming home. Unhappily for us all, he was too violent in his menaces, which I suppose reached the ears of this cruellest of men, who, eight days ago, caused him to be arrested upon his bond, and hurried to a prison.

But if this, Mr. Fitz-Adam, had been the utmost of my misery, cruel as it is, I

had spared you the trouble of this relation, and buried my grief in my bosom. Alas, Sir! I have another concern, that is more insupportable to me than all I have told you. My distracted husband, in the anguish of his soul, has written to my son, and given him the most aggravated detail of his daughter's shame, and his own imprisonment; conjuring him, (as he has confessed to me this morning,) by the honour of a soldier, and by every thing he holds dear, to lose not a moment in doing justice with his sword upon this destroyer of his family. The fatal letter was sent last week, and has left me in the utmost horror at the thought of what may happen. I dread every thing from the rashness and impetuosity of my son, whose notions of honour and justice are those of a young soldier, who, in defiance of the law, will be judge in his own cause, and the avenger of injuries which Heaven only should punish.

I have written to him upon this occasion, in all the agony of a fond mother's distresses. But, O! I have fatal forebodings that my letter will come too late. What
is

is this honour, and what this justice that prompts men to acts of violence and blood, and either leaves them victims to the law, or to their own unwarrantable rashness? As forcibly as I was able, in this distracted condition, I have set his duty before him, and have charged him, for his own soul's sake, and for the sake of those he most tenderly loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family whose distresses already are near sinking them to the grave.

The only glimmering of comfort that opens upon me is the hope that your publication of this letter may warn the wretch who has undone us of his danger, and incline him to avoid it. Fear is generally the companion of guilt, and may possibly be the means of preserving to me the life of a son, after worse than death has happened to a daughter.

If you have pity in your nature, I beg the immediate publication of this letter, which will infinitely oblige,

SIR,

Your greatly distressed,

but most faithful humble servant,

Nro. 86. Felicia and Ronario; an Allegory.

If we are to believe, universally, that virtue leads directly to happiness, and vice to punishment in this world, I am afraid we shall form very erroneous opinions of the people we converse with; as every melancholy face will appear to be produced by a bad heart, and every chearful face by a good one. But it will be no discouragement to virtue to say, that the reverse of this is much oftener the case; nay, so obstinate am I in this opinion, that I seldom see a countenance of sincere and settled grief, without concluding it to be the effect of some eminent degree of virtue.

If sickness and bodily pain were, indeed, all the misfortunes incident to our natures, it might be said with some colour of truth, that virtue was generally its own immediate reward, as every one will allow, that temperance and abstemiousness lead more directly to health and ease than riot

riot and debauchery. But while we have affections that steal us from our own happiness, to involve us in the misery of those about us, they who have the best hearts, will be ofteneft made uneasy.

The good man confiders the whole human race as his own family; and as fuch a person, in a world like this, is liable to more difappointments than one who has only himfelf to care for, his troubles and mortifications will affuredly be greater.

The friends of virtue fhould therefore be cautious of promifing what they are not fure will be performed; left, by a failure in the end, they bring difcredit upon the means. It will be always fufficient to fay of virtue, that its reward is certain, while it can be faid of that reward, that it is happiness eternal.

The following allegory, which is a literal tranflation from the fame old Spanifh author, from whom the ftory of Gonzales de Castro in my firft paper was taken, fupposes the good man to be unhappy upon

earth, only because his goodness is imperfect. I insert it here (though not exactly applicable to my subject) as the most instructive entertainment I am able to give my readers at this season.

If the ladies should happen to conceive any dislike to some little severities in it, they are desired to take notice that the author was a Spaniard, and that he wrote at a time, when it appears by the concurrent testimony of all historians, that the sex was not absolutely without fault.

Jupiter, when he made Man, brought with him from heaven a nymph called Felicia, or Happiness, to be his companion. The better to engage them to each other, he furnished Man with those Passions and Affections which were to feed the mind with perpetual wishes, with a guide called Reason to restrain their violence; and to the nymph he gave immortal beauty, together with a certain degree of coyness, which is always sure to engage pursuit and endear possession.

But

But as if some other power had a malicious design to set this pair at variance, notwithstanding the seeming desire of Jupiter to unite them, Felicia became insensible to every thing but virtue, while the Passions of man generally hurried him in a pursuit of her by the means of vice. With this difference in their natures it was impossible for them to agree; and in a short time they became almost strangers to each other. Reason would have gone over to the side of Felicia, but some particular Passion always opposed him; for, what was almost incredible, though Reason was a sufficient match for the whole body of Passions united, he was sure to be subdued, if singly encountered.

Jupiter laughed at the folly of man, and gave him Woman. But as her frame was too delicately composed to endure the perpetual strife of Reason and the Passions, he confined the former to Man, and gave up Woman to the government of the latter without controul.

Felicia, upon this new creation, grew again acquainted with Man. She made him a visit of a month, and at his entreaty would have settled with him for ever, if the jealousy of Woman had not driven her from his roof.

From this time the Nymph has led a wandering life, without any settled habitation. As the world grew peopled, she paid her visits to every corner of it; but though millions pretended to love her, not a single mortal had constancy to deserve her. Ceremony drove her from court, avarice from the city, and want from the cottage. Her delight, however, was in the last of these places, and there it was that she was most frequently to be found.

Jupiter saw with pity the wanderings of Felicia, and in a fortunate hour caused a mortal to be born, whose name was Bonario, or Goodness. He endowed him with all the graces of mind and body; and at an age when the soul becomes sensible of desires, he breathed into him a passion for the beautiful Felicia. Bo-
nario

nario had frequently seen her in his early visits to Wisdom and Devotion; but as lightness of belief and an over-fondness of mankind were failings inseparable to him, he often suffered himself to be led astray from Felicia, till Reflection, the common friend of both, would set him right, and reconduct him to her company.

Though Felicia was a virgin of some thousand years old, her coyness was rather found to increase than to diminish. This, perhaps, to mortal old maids may be matter of wonder; but the true reason was, that the beauty of Felicia was incapable of decay. From hence it was, that the fickleness of Bonario made her less and less easy of access. Yet such was his frailty, that he continually suffered himself to be enticed from her, till at last she totally withdrew herself. Reflection came only to upbraid him. Her words, however, were of service, as by shewing him how he had lost Felicia, they gave him hopes that a contrary behaviour might, in time, regain her.

The loss of happiness instructs us how to value it. And now it was that Bonario began in earnest to love Felicia, and devote his whole time to a pursuit of her. He inquired for her among the Great, but they knew her not. He bribed the Poor for intelligence, but they were strangers to her. He sought her of Knowledge, but she was ignorant of her; of Pleasure, but she missed him. Temperance knew only the path she had taken; Virtue had seen her upon the way; but Religion assured him of her retreat, and sent Constancy to conduct him to her.

It was in a village far from town, that Bonario again saw his Felicia; and here he was in hopes of possessing her for ever. The coyness with which she treated him in his days of folly, time, and the amendment it had wrought in him, began to soften. He passed whole days in her society, and was rarely denied access to her, but when Passion had misguided him.

Felicia lived in this retreat, with the daughter of a simple villager, called
In-

Innocence. To this amiable rustic did Bonario apply for intercession, upon every new offence against Felicia; but too impatient to delay, and out of humour with his advocate, he renewed his acquaintance with a court lady, called Vice, who was there upon a visit, and engaged her to solicit for him. This behaviour so enraged Felicia, that she again withdrew herself; and in the warmth of her resentment, sent up a petition to Jupiter, to be recalled to heaven.

Jupiter, upon this petition, called a council of the gods; in which it was decreed, that while Bonario continued upon earth, Felicia should not totally depart from it; but as the nature of Bonario was fickle and imperfect, his admission to her society should be only occasional and transient. That their nuptials should be deferred till the nature of Bonario should be changed by death, and that afterwards they should be inseparably united in the regions of immortality.

Nro. 87. On Fables and their Use.
Pleasure and Pain; an
Allegory.

Fables were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the most polite ages of mankind. Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. Nathan's fable of the poor man and his lamb is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the abovementioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find Aesop in the most distant ages of Greece; and if we look into the very beginning of the commonwealth of Rome, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a fable of the belly and the limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention

tion of an incensed rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of Horace, the greatest wit and critic in the Augustan age; and of Boileau, the most correct poet among the moderns: not to mention La Fontaine, who by this way of writing is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

The fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixt among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the ancient critics will have it, that the Iliad and Odyssy of Homer are fables of this nature; and that the several names of
Gods

Gods and heroes are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us, that Achilles, in the first Iliad, represents anger, or the irascible part of human nature; that upon drawing his sword against his superior in a full assembly, Pallas is only another name for reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the seat of reason. And thus of the rest of the poem. As for the Odyfsey, I think it is plain that Horace considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of several parts of it. The greatest Italian wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of fables: as Spenser's Fairy Queen is one continued series of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the finest prose-authors of antiquity, such as Cicero, Plato, Xenophon, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of fable. I shall only farther observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any
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considerable figure in the world was that of Hercules meeting with pleasure and virtue; which was invented by Prodicus, who lived before Socrates, and in the first dawnings of philosophy. He used to travel through Greece by virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market-towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my reader with a fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present paper, I must in a few words open the occasion of it.

In the account which Plato gives us of the conversation and behaviour of Socrates, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance.

When Socrates his fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be
execu-

executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples , and laying one of his legs over the other , in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron ; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death , or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophising upon some useful subject , he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg , that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general , and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added , that if a man of good genius for a fable were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing , he would probably join them together after such a manner , that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place , without being followed by the other.

It is possible , that if Plato had thought it proper at such a time to describe Socrates launching out into a discourse which
was

was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the spirit of that divine author.

„There were two families which from
„the beginning of the world were as op-
„posite to each other as light and darkness.
„The one of them lived in Heaven, and
„the other in Hell. The youngest descen-
„dant of the first family was pleasure, who
„was the daughter of happiness, who was
„the child of virtue, who was the off-
„spring of the gods. These, as I said be-
„fore, had their habitation in heaven. The
„youngest of the opposite family was pain,
„who was the son of misery, who was
„the child of vice, who was the offspring
„of the furies. The habitation of this race
„of beings was in hell.

„The middle station of nature between
„these two opposite extremes was the

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„earth,

„earth, which was inhabited by creatu-
„res of a middle kind, neither so virtuous
„as the one, nor so vicious as the other,
„but partaking of the good and bad quali-
„ties of these two opposite families. Ju-
„piter considering that these species com-
„monly called man, was too virtuous to
„be miserable, and too vicious to be hap-
„py; that he might make a distinction
„between the good and the bad, ordered
„the two youngest of the above-mentioned
„families, pleasure who was the daugh-
„ter of happiness, and pain who was the
„son of misery, to meet one another upon
„this part of nature which lay in the half-
„way between them, having promised to
„settle it upon them both, provided they
„could agree upon the division of it, so as
„to share mankind between them.

„Pleasure and pain were no sooner met
„in their new habitation, but they imme-
„diately agreed upon this point, that plea-
„sure should take possession of the virtuous,
„and pain of the vicious part of that spe-
„cies which was given up to them. But
„upon examining to which of them any
„in-

„individual they met with belonged, they
„found each of them had a right to him;
„for that, contrary to what they had seen
„in their old places of residence, there
„was no person so vicious who had not
„some good in him, nor any person so vir-
„tuous who had not in him some evil.
„The truth of it is, they generally found
„upon search, that in the most vicious man
„pleasure might lay a claim to an hund-
„redth part, and that in the most virtuous
„man pain might come in for at least two
„thirds. This they saw would occasion
„endless disputes between them, unless
„they could come to some accommodation.
„To this end there was a marriage propo-
„sed between them, and at length conclu-
„ded: by this means it is that we find plea-
„sure and pain are such constant yoke-fel-
„lows, and that they either make their
„visits together, or are never far asunder.
„If pain comes into an heart, he is quick-
„ly followed by pleasure; and if pleasure
„enters, you may be sure pain is not far off.

„But notwithstanding this marriage was
„very convenient for the two parties, it

„did not seem to answer the intention of
„Jupiter in sending them among mankind.
„To remedy therefore this inconvenience,
„it was stipulated between them by article,
„and confirmed by the consent of each fa-
„mily, that notwithstanding they here
„possessed the species indifferently; upon
„the death of every single person, if he
„was found to have in him a certain pro-
„portion of evil, he should be dispatched
„into the infernal regions by a passport from
„pain, there to dwell with misery, vice,
„and the furies. Or on the contrary, if
„he had in him a certain proportion of good,
„he should be dispatched into heaven by
„a passport from pleasure, there to dwell
„with happiness, virtue, and the gods.”

Nro. 88. Female Salamanders. The
History of a Castilian.

There is a species of women, whom I
shall distinguish by the name of Salaman-
ders. Now a Salamander is a kind of
heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire,
and lives in the midst of flames without
being

being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bed-side, plays with him a whole afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moon-light, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of an husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex from such innocent liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against jealousy, and admirer of the French good breeding, and a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence; her constitution is preserved in a kind of natural frost; she wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant ordeal, or fiery trials: like good Queen Emma, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning plough-shares, without being scorched, or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single state of life, that I design the following paper; but for such females only as are made of flesh and blood, and find themselves subject to human frailties.

As for this part of the fair sex who are not of the Salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls temptations, and the world opportunities. Did they but know how many thousands of their sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, protestations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiousness; they would shun like death the very first approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and misery. I must so far give up the cause of the male world, as to exhort the female sex in the language of Chamont in the Orphan;

“Trust

“Trust not a man, we are by nature
false,

“Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and un-
constant;

“When a man talks of love, with cau-
tion trust him :

“But if he swears, he'll certainly de-
ceive thee.”

I might very much enlarge upon this sub-
ject, but shall conclude it with a story which
I lately heard from one of our Spanish of-
ficers, and which may shew the danger
a woman incurs by too great familiarities
with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Casti-
le, being a man of more than ordinary pru-
dence, and of a grave composed behaviour,
determined about the fiftieth year of his
age to enter upon wedlock. In order to
make himself easy in it, he cast his eye
upon a young woman who had nothing to
recommend her but her beauty and her
education, her parents having been redu-
ced to great poverty by the wars, which
for some years have laid that whole coun-
try waste. The Castilian having made his

addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he

him-

himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegado in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines, enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency: he further told the renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The

renegado, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of galantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to
look

look upon as a formal old fellow unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegado with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him: he immediately arose and inquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and

and left the Castilian in captivity; who partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

Nro. 89. Fortune thrown away.

„ Sir,

„ The matter which I am now going to
„ send you, is an unhappy story in low
„ life, and will recommend itself, so that
„ you must excuse the manner of expressing
„ it. A poor idle drunken weaver in Spitt-
„ lefields has a faithful laborious wife, who
„ by her frugality and industry had laid
„ by her as much money as purchased her
„ a ticket in the present lottery. She had
„ hid this very privately in the bottom of
„ a trunk, and had given her number to a
„ friend and confident, who had promised
„ to keep the secret, and bring her news
„ of the success. The poor adventurer was
„ one

„one day gone abroad, when her careless
„husband, suspecting she had saved some
„money, searches every corner, until at
„length he finds this same ticket; which
„he immediately carries abroad, sells, and
„squanders away the money without the
„wife's suspecting any thing of the matter.
„A day or two after this, this friend, who
„was a woman, comes and brings the
„wife word, that she had a benefit of five
„hundred pounds. The poor creature
„overjoyed, flies up stairs to her husband,
„who was then at work, and desires him
„to leave his loom for that evening, and
„come and drink with a friend of his and
„her's below. The man received this
„cheerful invitation as bad husbands some-
„times do, and after a cross word or two,
„told her he would not come. His wife
„with tenderness renewed her importuni-
„ty, and at length said to him, 'My love!
'I have within these few months, unknown
'to you, scraped together as much money
'as has bought us a ticket in the lottery,
'and now here is Mrs Quick come to tell
'me, that it is come up this morning a
„five hundred pound prize." The hus-
„band

„band replies immediately, ‘You lie, you
„flut, you have no ticket, for I have sold
„it.’ The poor woman upon this faints
„away in a fit, recovers, and is now run
„distracted. As she had no design to de-
„fraud her husband, but was willing on-
„ly to participate in his good fortune,
„every one pities her, but thinks her hus-
„band’s punishment but just. This, Sir,
„is matter of fact, and would, if the per-
„sons and circumstances were greater, in
„a well-wrought play be called ‘Beauti-
„ful Distress.’ I have only sketched it out
„with chalk, and know a good hand can
„make a moving picture with worse ma-
„terials.

Nro. 90. Scheming. Alnaschar.

In a former Speculation I treated of Hope in general. I design this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish hope, which is misemployed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It

It is a precept several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain a hope of any thing in life, which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here, makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after: where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one hope no sooner dies in us, but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting scenes and landships lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reflexions are these; that we should take care
not

not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what they propose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist, and projector are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering
thoughts

thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn that good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often in snares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

What I have here said, may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several amusements of hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian glass man.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life.

When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: „This basket,” says he, „cost me at the wholesale merchant’s an hundred drachmas, which is „all I have in the world. I shall quickly „make two hundred of it, by selling it in „retail. These two hundred drachmas „will in a very little while rise to four „hundred, which of course will amount „in time to four thousand. Four thousand „drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am „master of ten thousand, I will lay aside „my trade of a glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, „and

„and all sorts of rich stones. When I have
„got together as much wealth as I can well
„desire, I will make a purchase of the
„finest house I can find, with lands, slaves,
„eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin
„to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the
„world. I will not, however, stop there,
„but still continue my traffic until I have
„got together a hundred thousand drachmas.
„When I have thus made myself
„master of a hundred thousand drachmas,
„I shall naturally set myself on the foot of
„a prince, and will demand the grand Vif-
„fier's daughter in marriage, after having
„represented to that minister the informa-
„tion which I have received of the beauty,
„wit, discretion, and other high qualities
„which his daughter possesses. I will let
„him know at the same time, that it is
„my intention to make him a present of a
„thousand pieces of gold on our marriage
„night. As soon as I have married the
„grand Vifier's daughter, I will buy her
„ten black eunuchs, the youngest and best
„that can be got for money. I must af-
„terwards make my father-in-law a visit
„with a grand train and equipage. And

„when I am placed at his right hand, which
„he will do of course, if it be only to ho-
„nour his daughter, I will give him the
„thousand pieces of gold which I promised
„him, and afterwards to his great surprise,
„will present him another purse of the same
„value, with some short speech: as,”
‘Sir, you see I am a man of my word: I
‘always give more than I promise.’

„When I have brought the Princess
„to my house, I shall take particular care
„to breed her in a due respect to me, be-
„fore I give the reins to love and dalliance.
„To this end I shall confine her to her own
„apartment, make her a short visit, and
„talk but little to her. Her women will
„represent to me, that she is inconsolable
„by reason of my unkindness, and beg me
„with tears to caress her, and let her sit
„down by me; but I shall still remain in-
„exorable, and will turn my back upon
„her all the first night. Her mother will
„then come and bring her daughter to me,
„as I am seated upon my sofa. The daugh-
„ter, with tears in her eyes, will fling
„herself at my feet, and beg of me to re-
„ceive

„ceive her into my favour: then will I,
„to imprint in her a thorough veneration
„for my person, draw up my legs and
„spurn her from me with my foot, in such
„a manner, that she shall fall down seve-
„ral paces from the sofa.”

Alnaschar was intirely swallowed up
in this chimerical vision, and could not
forbear acting with his foot what he had
in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking
his basket of brittle ware, which was the
foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked
his glasses to a great distance from him in-
to the street, and broke them into ten thou-
sand pieces.

Nro. 91. The mischiefs of superstition
and infidelity. The history
of Fidelia.

SIR,

I shall make no apology for the trouble I
am about to give you, since I am sure the
motives that induce me to give it, will have
as much weight with you as they have with

me: I shall therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however insignificant and unenterprising, affords a lesson of the highest importance; a lesson, the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him, a genteel post under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old; and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a freeliver, and perhaps for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed

lowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuse virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connection with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear: my father indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future: a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved: for I thought I could

plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own; especially, as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against Christianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; consequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helplessness of genteel life, a taste for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sufferings. In this distress a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his house, and

and declared he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child. When the first transports of my grief were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and from the natural cheerfulness of my temper, I was beginning once more to taste of happiness. My uncle, who was a man of narrow understanding and illiberal education, was a little disgusted with me for employing so much of my time in reading; but still more so, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called blasphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise or disavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a Deist and a Atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither God nor Devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it

with the utmost concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition; and that Christianity deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to „adorn the doctrine which he professed to „believe.”

I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me, he had just had a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I
could

could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and unpleasing. — „What stuff is all this,” interrupted my uncle, „sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! Ah, child, „if you had less romance, conceit and arrogance, and more true discretion and „prudence, it would do you more good „than all the fine books you have „founded your poor head with, and what „is worse, perhaps, ruined your poor soul. „I own, it went a little against my con- „science

„science to accept my honest friend's kind
„offer, and give him such a pagan for his
„wife. But how know I whether the be-
„lieving husband may not convert the un-
„believing wife? — As to your flighty
„objections, they are such nonsense, that I
„wonder you can suppose me fool enough
„to be deceived by them. No, child;
„wife as you are, you cannot impose upon
„a man who has lived as many years in
„the world as I have. I see your motive;
„you have some infidel libertine rake in
„your eye, with whom you would go
„headlong to perdition. But I shall take
„care not to have your soul to answer for
„as well as your person. Either I shall
„dispose of you to an honest man that may
„convert you, or you shall dispose of your-
„self how you please for me; for I disclaim
„all further care or trouble about you: so
„I leave you to consider, whether or no
„the kindness I have shewn you, entit-
„les me to some little influence over you,
„and whether you chuse to seek protection
„where you can find it, or accept of the
„happy lot providence has cut out for
„you.”

He

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bade me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to chuse; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty, and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me; yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils, could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed

governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risques rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that

no

no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep me
from

from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curt'sy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him
my

my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: „And
„ what, in the devil's name, my dear cousin, could make a woman of your sense
„ behave so like an idiot? What! forfeit
„ all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an
„ excellent match, and reduce yourself to
„ beggary, because truly you were not in
„ love? Surely, one might have expected
„ better from you even at fifteen. Who is
„ it pray that marries the person of their
„ choice? For my own part, who have
„ rather a better title to please myself with
„ a good fifteen hundred a-year, than you
„ who have not a shilling, I found it would
„ not do, and that there was something
„ more to be sought after in a wife than
„ a pretty face or a genius? Do you think
„ I cared three farthings for the woman I
„ married? No, faith. But her thirty thousand pounds were worth having; with
Vol. II. F f „that

„ that I can purchase a seraglio of beauties,
„ and indulge my taste in every kind of
„ pleasure. And pray what is it to me
„ whether my wife has beauty, or wit, or
„ elegance, when her money will supply
„ me with all that in others? You, cousin,
„ had an opportunity of being as happy as
„ I am: the men, believe me, would not
„ like you a bit the worse for being mar-
„ ried; on the contrary, you would find,
„ that for one who took notice of you as a
„ single woman, twenty would be your ad-
„ mirers and humble servants when there
„ was no danger of being taken-in. Thus
„ you might have gratified all your passions,
„ made an elegant figure in life, and have
„ chosen out some gentle swain as romantic
„ and poetical as you pleased for your Ce-
„ cisbee. The good John Trot husband
„ would have been easily managed, and—”
Here my indignation could be contained
no longer, and I was leaving the room in
disdain, when he caught me by the hand —
„ Nay, prithee, my dear cousin, none of
„ these violent airs. I thought you and
„ I had known one another better. Let
„ the poor souls, who are taught by the
„ priests

„ priests and their nurses to be afraid of
„ hell-fire, and to think they shall go to the
„ devil for following nature and making
„ life agreeable, be as outrageously virtuous
„ as they please: you have too much sense
„ to be frightened at bugbears; you know
„ that the term of your existence is but
„ short; and it is highly reasonable to make
„ it as pleasant as possible.” — I was too
angry to attempt confuting his arguments;
but bursting from his hold, told him I would
take care not to give him a second oppor-
tunity of insulting my distress, and affront-
ing my understanding; and so left his house
with a resolution never to enter it again.

I went home mortified and disappoint-
ed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which
took from me for many days all inclination
to stir out of my lodging, or to see a human
face. At length I resolved to try, whether
indigence and friendship were really in-
compatible, and whether I should meet
with the same treatment from a female
friend, whose affection had been the
principal pleasure of my youth. Surely,
thought I, the gentle Amanda, whose

heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tendernefs will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praises and endearments will compensate all my hardships. Amanda was a fingle woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard ſhe was going to beſtow on a young officer, who had little or nothing beſides his commiſſion. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refuſing a mercenary match, ſince ſhe herſelf had choſen from motives ſo oppoſite to thoſe which are called prudent. She had been in the country ſome months, ſo that my miſfortunes had not reached her ear till I myſelf related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and answered me with politeneſs enough, but with a coldneſs that chilled my very heart. „You are „ſenſible, my dear Fidelia,” ſaid ſhe, „that I never pretended to ſet my under- „ſtanding in competition with yours. I „knew my own inferiority; and though „many of your notions and opinions ap- „peared to me very ſtrange and particu- „lar,

„lar, I never attempted to dispute them
„with you. To be sure, you know best;
„but it seems to me a very odd conduct
„for one in your situation to give offence
„to so good an uncle; first by maintaining
„doctrines which may be very true for
„aught I know, but which are very con-
„trary to the received opinions we are
„brought up in, and therefore are apt to
„shock a common understanding; and se-
„condly, to renounce his protection, and
„throw yourself into the wide world,
„rather than marry the man he chose for
„you; to whom, after all, I do not find
„you had any real objection, nor any anti-
„pathy for his person.” — Antipathy, my
dear! said I; are there not many degrees
between loving and honouring a man pre-
ferably to all others, and beholding him
with abhorrence and aversion? The first
is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a
duty voluntarily taken upon herself, and
engaged in under the most solemn con-
tract. As to the difficulties that may at-
tend my friendless, unprovided state, sin-
ce they are the consequences of a virtuous
action, they cannot really be evils, nor can

they disturb that happiness which is the gift of virtue. „ I am heartily glad,” answered she, „ that you have found the „ art of making yourself happy by the force of imagination ! I wish your enthusiasm may continue ; and that you may „ still be further convinced, by your own „ experience, of the folly of mankind, in „ supposing poverty and disgrace to be „ evils.”

I was cut to the soul by the unkind manner which accompanied this sarcasm, and was going to remonstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who, in spite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his address and the elegance of his compliments soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend's judgment by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded

ceeded so well, that A m a n d a was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I arose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to show every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of A m a n d a. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, A m a n d a dropt hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments, and unhappy situation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, listened greedily to all that was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admi-

ration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings: I strongly refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pain suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meannefs of my abode. To avoid this, I sent for a chair; but was confused to find, that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute; he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little shop-door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course
to

to take for my future subsistence; the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almost reasoned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: at least, the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very different from those

which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thoughts of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his
life,

life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him by saying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented such offers of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experienced friendship; that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which nevertheless in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his sex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough to persevere in refusing his visits,
and

and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers, and protestations, that it was some time before I could recal my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that consciousness would make me happy, but I found it otherwise; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was discontented
and

and unhappy, but surpris'd and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolv'd, however, to try still farther the power of virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practis'd in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse: every day produced either some new attempt to see me, or a letter full of the most passionate protestations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surpris'd into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirr'd out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and, in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the Sovereign Ruler of all things, for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge: I compared my own situation with that of my libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire, whose house was the seat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whose face was ever covered with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. Is not this man, said I, happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily sacrifice to her my
dar-

darling inclination? Yet what is the compensation she offers me? What are my prospects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment and grief? Every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are these the blessings with which Heaven distinguishes its favourites? Can the King of Heaven want power or will to distinguish them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than that of the vicious? I myself have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this world — and all beyond the grave is eternal darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow? Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the
power

power of relieving the suffering of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue: it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkness; but I see another that is strowed with flowers, and bright with the sunshine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither then let me turn my weary steps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend God, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed

placed before me good and evil. — What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to chuse the first, and avoid the last. I sought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not: shall I not try the other experiment, since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of Truth, by which I should be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen without danger to the syrens of temptation; when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Free love at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by cor-

rupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: suffice it that I submitted to the humiliation I have so well deserved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures which I could not taste,

taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake I was become contemptible to myself.

This was the state of my mind during a year which I passed in Sir George's house. His fondness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to share my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The first dawnings of unkindness were but too

visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuse the road.

My

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopt at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paultry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my clothes, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish and despair, returned together! Every circumstance of my past life was

present to my mind; but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all!

I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself
the

the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity: conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress, I was neither sustained by the consciousness of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the Supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, who, though he gave me not sufficient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. If there is a God, cried I, he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeservedly miserable either from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation
in

in which all my prospects terminate. Take back, said I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery!

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity and benevolence, asked what I was about to do? At first I was sullen, and refused to answer him; but by degrees the compassion he showed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

„O! Madam,” said he, „these are
„gracious signs, and unlike those which
„first drew my attention, and made me
„watch you unobserved, fearing some fatal
„purpose in your mind. What must be
„the thoughts which could make a face
„like your’s appear the picture of horror!
„I was taking my morning walk, and have
„seen

„ seen you a considerable time; sometimes
„ stopping and wringing your hands, some-
„ times quickening your pace, and some-
„ times walking slow with your eyes fixed
„ on the ground, till you raised them to
„ Heaven, with looks not of supplication
„ and piety, but rather of accusation and
„ defiance. For pity tell me how is it
„ that you have quarrelled with your-
„ self, with life, nay even with Heaven?
„ Recal your reason and your hope, and
„ let this seasonable prevention of your
„ fatal purpose be an earnest to you of good
„ things to come, of God's mercy not yet
„ alienated from you, and stooping from his
„ throne to save your soul from perdition.”

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief, that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of

my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence; and stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own house and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. - She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. „This poor lady,” said he, „from the fault of her education and principles, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses Providence, and hates her existence for those evils, which
„ are

„are the common lot of mankind in this
„short state of trial. You, my dear, who
„are one of the greatest sufferers I have
„known, are best qualified to cure her of
„her faulty impatience; and to convince
„her, by your own example, that this
„world is not the place in which virtue
„is to find its reward. She thinks no one
„so unhappy as herself; but if she knew
„all that you have gone through, she would
„surely be sensible, that if you are happier
„than she, it is only because your principles
„are better.”

„Indeed, my dear madam,” said she,
„that is the only advantage I have over
„you; but that, indeed, outweighs every
„thing else. It is now but ten days since
„I followed to the grave my only son, the
„survivor of eight children, who were all
„equally the objects of my fondest love.
„My heart is no less tender than your own,
„nor my affections less warm. For a
„whole year before the death of my last
„darling, I watched the fatal progress of
„his disease, and saw him suffer the most
„amazing pains. Nor was poverty, that

„dreaded evil to which you could not submit, wanting to my trials. Though my husband is by his profession a gentleman, his income is so small, that I and my children have often wanted necessaries: and though I had always a weakly constitution, I have helped to support my family by the labour of my own hands. At this time I am consumed, by daily tortures, with a cancer which must shortly be my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper assistance, though nothing could preserve my life; but I have not the means to obtain that assistance.” — O hold, interrupted I, my soul is shocked at the enumeration of such intolerable sufferings. How is it that you support them? Why do I not see you, in despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put yourself out of the reach of torment? But above all, tell me how it is possible for you to preserve, amidst such complicated misery, that appearance of cheerfulness and serene complacency which shines so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?

„That

„That cheerfulness and complacency,” answered the good woman, „I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest hopes can give.” And whence, said I, do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty, and death? She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a Bible, which she put into my hands. „See there,” said she, „the volume in which I learn this art. Here I am taught, that everlasting glory is in store for all who will accept it upon the terms which Infinite Perfection has prescribed; here I am promised consolation, assistance and support from the Lord of Life; and here I am assured that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point, beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I

H h 3

„sink?

„sink? With such prospects, such assured
„hopes, how can I be otherwise than
„happy?”

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes

eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she shewed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of extasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the Sacred Writings, „O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?”

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me
to

to the dust: but the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the Divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of God; tell them these amazing effects of the power of Christianity: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, - that, „ Though
 „ Vice is constantly attended by misery,
 „ Virtue itself cannot confer happiness
 „ in this world, except it is animated
 „ with the hopes of eternal bliss in the
 „ world to come.

Y

I am, &c.

FIDELIA.”



END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

L. A.

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